BY D. L. PENNINGTON & CO.

THE BATTLE OF FORT FISHER.

(BY LIEUT. STEDMAN SPOTT.)

I.

On North Carolina's barren sands,
Once by the stormy sea,
A fatal fortress grimming stands
And frowns upon the sea.
Strong are its walls of yielding sand
Washed up by storm and flood,
But they are all dismantled now,
And deeply stained with blood.

II.

For ty its armament of death,
A band of traitors stood,
Who hoped to wear garlanded wreath
By its fine laws of food.
And raising on its embankments
A traitor's flaming rag,
Which to the waves of war was cast,
Before a freeman's flag.

III.

At last a light was seen at sea,
Gleaming to and fro the wave;
"Advancing to the fortress see!
We'll dig its grave as ocean grave."
Morning has dawned with rosy light—
The mist unveiled the sea;
And now the flags in sight—
And now begins the fray.

IV.

A double line of battle bears
It's broadside to its game;
Then from an hundred cannon blares
A cloud of smoke and flame.
Then howling through the startled air,
The shells go with a torch;
And bursting o'er the traitors lair,
They do their bloody work.

V.

Then from the fort is seen to flash,
The monster gods of war,
And o'er the waters smooth as glass
The balls go skipping far;
Unhurt our fleet at anchor lies,
The storm is loud and fast,
And thunder echoes on the skies
Far from the battles' blast.

VI.

Now meet an hundred boats are seen
To glide toward the surf,
And soon a thousand bayonets gleam,
And soldiers tread the earth.
A moving line of battle treads
Along the yielding sands;
And just a mile or more ahead
The fated fortress stands.

VII.

On with a steady tramp they go,
Our soldiers brave and true;
They mark will meet the trembling foe
To rid the ground anew.
Still glowls the fires of battle, red,
Bright as the meteor's glare;
While hundreds of the bleeding dead
Are ready for the bier.

VIII.

Then echoing 'long the line is heard
The stern command to charge;
Then as the leaves are whirling stirred,
Before the sweeping blast,
The traitors, tottering, stands awhile,
Then backward quickly fly,
But soon our flag will grace that pile
So stained with human dye.

IX.

Onward they rush, our heroes brave,
Into the jaws of hell;
Around them wraps the smoky wave
Where many a hero fell.
Now on the ramparts they are formed,
We know but cannot see;
But by the way our gallants stormed
We need not ask to know.

X.

The night, and nature sleeps again,
The moon comes up like gold;
Still more advance to gates of death
As wolves upon the fold.
The stars shine in the blue above,
But, smoke obscures them now,
Nature alone doth smile with love
And man forget to bow.

XI.

But hark! what means this lull—
This quiet in the strife?
A man could have his hearing dull,
And hear the pulse of life.
And now the morning break on the air,
The noble fight is won;
Blood stains the traitor's hated hair—
Still lives a Washington!

XII.

The crimson glare upon the sky
And pale the golden moon;
The cannon's throat, a creation's cry
Amid the misty gloom,
And as the moon ope'es on the scene,
The sun in silver hues
Rolls on the tinted sands its sheen
Like rays of shining stars.

XIII.

But dead and wounded thickly lie,
Mute are the dead and pale,
These shots, that like the lightning fly,
Have told their awful tale.
And light breaks on our troubled sky—
Hopes to the weak and brave,
Those who our honored laws defy
Need but a traitor's grave.

Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 20, 1865.

Army Correspondence of the Indianapolis Witness.

SAVANNAH TO FAYETTEVILLE.

DEAR WITNESS: An active and vigorous campaign into the heart of South Carolina, the instigator of the present rebellion, has been marked with so much of interest that I scarcely know what to write, among the numerous thrilling incidents that have marked our course. The magnitude and results of the recent campaign entitle it to be ranked with the greatest achievements of the war. The invasion of South Carolina by Sherman's victorious army, and the occupation of her capital, almost unopposed, after a march of an hundred and twenty-five miles into the interior, has demonstrated anew the internal weakness of the Confederacy, and the hopelessness of a cause powerless to resist our efforts to sever its most important lines of communication.

The inauguration of the campaign was delayed some days by heavy rains in January, causing a long detour of the left wing of the army, in its advance from Savannah. Failing to make its way along the line of the Charleston and Savannah railroad, the column moved up the west bank of the Savannah river, crossing at Sister's Ferry, and moving upon the South Carolina railroad, while the right wing advanced from Pocotaligo. The column under Gen. Howard moved from that point on the 30th of January, the 17th corps forming the extreme right, and the 15th the right center, our right flank resting on the Combahee River, and our left on Coosawhatchie. Our course was marked by burning dwellings and out-houses, most of the wealthy planters having fled on our approach

McPhersonville, where we remained in camp one day, was burned, all the citizens having fled. This little town lay nestled among pines of almost a century's growth, which covered a large cotton plantation, abandoned on account of sterility. Tens of thousands of acres, now covered with a forest growth, have once been under cultivation, and thus surrendered to the restoring hand of nature, according to the Southern mode of cultivation and under the influence of slave labor, reminding one very forcibly of the original curse pronounced upon the earth as the result of sin. Under the influences of free labor these lands would be restored to fertility without abandonment. The time is not far distant when a pure civilization will bless these Southern States, now in revolt against our free and liberal institutions. Then shall the soil, as well as the people of this region, be redeemed from the curse of human bondage.

In our advance from this point we met a feeble resistance from Wheeler's cavalry, at the crossing of the Big and Little Salkatchie, or Salkehatchie rivers, which unite to form the Combahee. These rivers are fringed, like all the streams along the coast, with narrow swamps, which offer facilities for opposing our advancing army. The 17th corps had a brisk skirmish on the 4th, and the advance of the 15th corps a slight one on the 6th with some loss.

We reached the railroad on the 7th, at Bamberg, seventy-six miles from Charleston, and as far from Augusta. The work of destruction was at once commenced, the whole army being employed for four days. At the end of that time, more than fifty miles of the road was thoroughly destroyed, the ties being burned and the rails twisted by a new and ingenious method. All the cotton along our route was burned, and much private property destroyed, besides the collection of vast quantities of subsistence for the army. The people were amply supplied with provisions, but the consumption of a large army left them scarcely the means of supplying their necessities, and much suffering no doubt ensued. Added to foraging, many of our soldiers pillaged the houses of all classes, not excepting the negroes. This was done in violation of strict orders, and deserves the severest condemnation, and afterwards resulted in the murder of numbers of our foragers, captured by the enemy and shot in retaliation for the lawless acts of our soldiers during the campaign.

On the 11th we resumed the advance, crossing the South Edisto river, also the North Edisto after a slight skirmish on the 13th. At Sandy Run we also met the enemy's skirmishers, and on the 15th drove them across the Congaree Creek, after a brisk skirmish in which we lost several killed and wounded. We camped within two miles of Columbia, in full view of the city, advancing our lines on the morning of the 16th to find the bridge destroyed, and no enemy visible, except a single battery and a few skirmishers on the north bank of the Congaree. The 15th corps crossed the Saluda, above its confluence with the Broad river, and then skirmished across the latter stream, above the city, during the night. Under cover of a dense fog, on the morning of the 17th, our lines advanced, driving the enemy's skirmishers from their position, and securing the crossing. At 10 A. M., Mayor Goodwin, with a flag of truce, came out and surrendered the city, our troops taking immediate possession. The army continued crossing the river during the afternoon, the 1st Division marching through the city with music and banners, proud of an almost bloodless triumph.

But the beautiful capital of the Palmetto State was poorly destroyed by fire during the ensuing night. The soldiers finding large quantities of whisky, many became intoxicated and the city was fired early in the evening. The wind was blowing strongly from the south-west, and the flames spread rapidly in spite of every effort to stay their progress. The fire engines soon failed, and the city was abandoned to its fate. Guards were posted in all parts of the town to prevent further acts of incendiarism, and all possible vigilance was exercised, but in vain. More than half the city was consumed, including all the business portion, with two churches, the nunnery, and a large number of costly residences.—Such a scene I hope never to witness again.—Families fled in dismay from their mansions, with such articles of value as they could procure, leaving all their costly furniture to be destroyed.—Hundreds of families, upon whom the sun set in affluence beheld the dawn in helpless poverty and ruin. I could not express my sympathy for the sad groups I met in the out skirts of the city the following morning, forgetting that they were the enemies of my country, in pity for their condition. Probably not less than $20,000,000 of property was destroyed in a few brief hours.

During the progress of the conflagration I met Dr. Breaker, the pastor of the Baptist church in the city, who felt deeply anxious for the safety of his new house of worship, which escaped destruction, though all around it was consumed. Many of the members were rendered homeless, and his support, already precarious, was rendered utterly hopeless. Although receiving a salary of $5000, he expended $3000 for house rent, the parsonage being such a house as would command $300 annual rent in Indianapolis. The remaining portion of his salary would be equivalent to $200 with us, and with prices such as the Southern people [illegible] Wood $150 per cord, flour $600 per barrel, butter $15 per pound, salt $5 per quart, etc. The prospect of procuring a subsistence in Columbia seemed dark indeed to those who had been left penniless, with families dependent upon them for support.

On Saturday and Sunday, February 18th and 19th, the army was employed in destroying the railroads leading toward Richmond and Charleston, and the depots and arsenal, including large amounts of ammunition and Government stores. Among the latter was a large quantity of imported paper, used in the manufacture of Confederate Treasury Notes, which was carried on exclusively at this point, giving employment to a large number of women and negroes. At the publishing house of Evans & Cogswell, large quantities of stationery were found, including the paper on which I am now writing, and great numbers of various works published by that firm. One of these books was entitled "Camp and Field, or Papers from the Portfolio of an Army Chaplain," the design of which seems to have been to bolster up the failing fortunes and sinking hopes of the Southern people. The writer, Dr. Jos. Cregs, of Charleston, S. C., and a prominent Methodist preacher of the South, manifests the greatest malignity of spirit, and disregard for truth, of any writer I have yet read. This book is a bundle of misrepresentations and glaring falsehoods, coupled with the vilest abuse of the whole people of the North. Yet this man, like many others who have urged on the unholy cause of treason and rebellion, received his education at the North, and owes all that is worthy of respect in his character to Northern influences. Born in England, coming to America in boyhood, reared in central New York, educated at the Oneida Conference Seminary in Cazenovia, and preaching his first sermon at Pompey Hill, Onondaga county, he has finally taken the lowest seat in the wicked councils of conspirators, and now breathes forth threatening and slaughter against his former friends, like the serpent, driving the poisoned fangs of hatred into the hearts of the people who nursed him into life, and dishonoring the holy religion of which he is an acknowledged minister, by attributing to his countrymen fighting for the inheritance of their fathers, all the characteristics of demons. When a cause requires the assistance of such men to secure its end, it must indeed be rapidly verging toward ruin.

But I must pause, and leave the desolated capital of South Carolina to follow the course of the army on its return to the coast. My regiment was last to leave the city. On Monday, February 20th, we moved north-west toward Winnsboro, and after three days rapid marching, crossed the Wateree river, when we changed our course, moving to the east of Camden, and crossing Lynch creek, a branch of the Great Pedee, on the 3d of March, after four days delay by the high water. While here, news of the evacuation of Charleston and Wilmington was received, through prisoners from the latter place, proving the wisdom of Sherman's plans and operations

We moved forward upon Cheraw, on the Great Pedee, which place was occupied by the 17th corps on the 3d of March. A large amount of ammunition and seventeen pieces of artillery fell into our hands. A fearful explosion occurred here on the morning of the 5th of March, which resulted in the killing and wounding of a number of soldiers and citizens. While the army was effecting a crossing of the Great Pedee, a force was sent to Florence, to destroy communications and stores, under command of Col. Williams, of the 12th Indiana. I accompanied the party, which returned on the 6th, having destroyed considerable public property, and brought off thirty prisoners after a severe skirmish with a superior force of rebels.

The army moved from Cheraw on the 7th, for Fayetteville on the Cape Fear river, encountering almost insuperable difficulties on the route, the roads becoming nearly impassable from h[illegible] rains. The march occupied five days, our advance occupying Fayetteville on the 10th The enemy evacuated the place on the 9th, leaving the arsenal and all the valuable machinery, with guns and ammunition, to destruction. The loss to them is irreparable. We reached communication at Fayetteville, by steamboat to Wilmington, and now enjoy an opportunity of writing to our friends, after six weeks of silence. We also look for a large mail before leaving here for Goldsboro, our next objective point, from whence I hope to write you again.

M. D. Gage,
Chaplain 12th Ind. Vols.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

REBEL LEADERS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS.

A very just distinction is being drawn between the authors of the rebellion and the people they drove and cheated into its support. Since the recent repeated evidences of the barbarities heaped upon our prisoners by the traitor chiefs, and the admission by a committee of the rebel Congress that Libby prison had been undermined and would have been blown to atoms, with the thousands of Union soldiers confined in it, had these latter attempted to escape, there is a concerted public opinion against making any terms with the bad men—whether in military or civil life—who have kept the rebellion alive, and have forced the Southern masses to contribute to it their lives and their property. But there is a sentiment no less decided in favor of forgiving these same masses; upon this sentiment we base the earnest hope that whatever terms are proposed by Mr. Lincoln will lead to a permanent and substantial adjustment. It is quite amusing to notice how politicians assail each other personally because of differing views on the conditions to be presented to the victims and compound participants in the attack upon the Federal Government. These gentleman should recollect that in a time of excitement like this we cannot expect absolution to be of one opinion. The wisest may err, and even the weakest may succeed in recommending the proper remedy for a crying disease. No one really desires to protract the war for the sake of fighting. And out of the attrition of various and conflicting ideas we may be able to extract a solution of an absorbing problem. The primary considerations—are sincerity on the part of those who think and write on this great question; devotion to country; prudent reflection, and an utter abnegation of party and of self. Hence it is that we read with much satisfaction the remarks of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, last Sunday, to his congregation in Brooklyn, when he spoke in reference to the duty assigned to him of pronouncing the address at the raising of the national ensign over the ruins of Fort Sumpter, on the 14th inst., as follows:

"At other times, when the prospect of lifting the flag to its former place seemed almost visionary, he had spoken of such an event with jubilation. But now, as the time in reality drew near, his soul trembled within him at its solemn meaning. Many would go there imbued with this feeling of solemn jubilation, in this wonderful event in the history of this people. He should be sorry if any went there with any other feeling than that of Christian patriotism. If others went with feelings of exultation over a fallen foe, for his part he went as a robber to appeal to misled brethren from the day of their misapprehension to the day of knowledge. It would be to say to them that, after four years of blood and darkness, we had brought back to them the same hearts of love that they had smitten in these long four years. If there be any minded in that spirit to go, praying the blessing of God to rest not on the North alone, but on the whole undivided country, he would welcome them."

This is the true spirit. Magnanimous treatment of the Southern people is all that is necessary to extinguish treason, and to exclude forever from all posts of honor, and to consign to perpetual infamy and banishment, the reckless and savage men who began the war, and have fallen under the ruins of their boasted Confederacy.

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

Advertising, which in all commercial countries has now obtained such an immense development, began in a very modest way. The earliest known printed advertisement in England is dated about five weeks after the execution of Charles I, and relates to certain horses stolen in Suffolk; the second announces an heroic poem, in 1652. The increase of commercial transactions, the facilities of communication which bring city and country into easy relations with each other, and the operation of the law of competition among traders, have given an immense impetus to advertising, and made it an absolute necessity in the establishment and continuance of a prosperous business.

The advertisements in an ordinary number of the London *Times* exceed 2500; the annual advertising bills of one London firm are said to amount to £40,000; and three others are mentioned who each annually expend for the same purpose £10,000. The expense of advertising the eighth edition of the Encyclopœdia Brittanica is said to have been £3,000. It is also asserted that £2,000,000 a year are expended in England in extra advertising, by circulars, hand-bills and placards.

So universal, indeed, has become the practice, that those traders who do not avail themselves of it are in the condition of persons who refuse to, profit by the railroad, the telegraph, or any other of the modern aids to business. They allow wilfulness or prejudice to triumph over their personal interest, and give to others, perhaps to less scrupulous and less intelligent men, a monopoly of the advantages which are equally within their own reach. There is, also a certain pride in some business men which binds them to the fact that the image of themselves which they lovingly contemplate in the mirror of their self-esteem, is not so vividly or affectionately perceived by others; and while they stolidly and stupidly expect that purchasers cannot be ignorant of their whereabouts, and must know that their goods are the best obtainable, and must come to them, their most enterprising rivals, who are less troubled with a sense of self-importance, do not distain to give the greatest possible publicity to their wares, and practically carry their commodities to the persons in search of them. For what is advertising, in fact, but the personal appearance of the seller of goods to solicit the attention and patronage of the purchaser?

In great cities nothing is more common than to see large business establishments, which seem to have an immense advantage over all competitors by the wealth, experience and prestige they have acquired, drop gradually out of public view, and be succeeded by firms of smaller capital, more energy and more determination to have the fact that they sell such and such commodities known from one end of the land to the other. In other words, the new establishments advertise; the old die of dignity. The former are ravenous to pass out of obscurity into publicity; the latter believe that their publicity is so obvious that it cannot be obscured. The first understand that they must thrust themselves on public attention or be disregarded; the second, having once obtained public attention, suppose they have arrested it permanently, while, in fact, nothing is more characteristic of the world than the ease with which it forgets.—*Boston Transcript.*

AVOIDING A DUN.

A compositor in one of the daily newspaper offices, though a good fellow like many of the printing profession, (for they are all good fellows,) suffers from repeated attacks of limited finances, or revenue disproportional to his disbursements. He has no objections to paying his debts, even to the last penny, when he has the money; but when he is short, he abhors the idea of meeting his creditors, for he hates a dun as he hates the d—l or a dirty 4" proof." On one of the last occasions of the pressure upon typo's monetary market, he was descending from a news room to the street, when he met a collector, who asked him if James H. Smith—giving the printer's name—worked in that office.

"Why do you wish to see him?" asked Smith.

"I have a bill against him (producing it) for $20, left by Dr. A——, who, you remember, recently died, and his accounts have been placed in my hands for collection."

"James H. Smith," replied the compositor, repeating his own name slowly, as if it had a mysterious, familiar sound, and he was endeavoring to recall it. I have heard that name before, surely—James H. Smith—James H.—James H.—oh yes! (as if with sudden remembrance,) he used to be employed here, certainly, certainly he did. I remember now; he worked next to my case, poor fellow!" and the speaker paused and looked sad.

"Did anything happen to him?" asked the collector.

"Yes, he died one morning suddenly of the cholera, after attending the sick bed of a dying friend."

"Did he leave anything?" asked the man of bills.

"Oh no, the boys in the office had to bury him. I gave five dollars myself to help in putting the generous creature under the sod. He died penniless."

"Then there is no use in keeping this bill, I suppose?"

"None at all," said James H. Smith. And as the collector tore up the bill and departed, he continued, to himself, "guess I've got rid of that old bore. It wasn't, perhaps, much of a story I was telling. Probably I was only anticipating a little after all—except in the five dollars contribution."

MATRIMONIAL INFELICITY.

The *Cleveland Herald* in commenting upon a recent divorce case which was before the Courts in New York not long since draws the following truthful picture. Would that it might be studied to profit:

The pernicious system of hotel boarding, and—what amounts to the same thing—fashionable boarding-house living, is the bane of scores of married people—particularly those newly married. The idleness it creates in the wife, the gossip it fosters in both, and the irresponsible kind of life it begets, are ruinous. The best attachments number among them that of a home, and this love never can spring up in those who know no home in this true, independent, exclusive sense. Sociabilities formed at a promiscuous boarding table, or on that common ground—often very common—the public parlor, are not of one's own choosing, seldom are heart-felt, or, if sincere, too often, on the part of one or the other, culpable, if not even criminal.

This habit, on the part of newly married people, to seek public board is an evil, if not peculiar to American society, at least much greater than in any other land. It grows out of two conditions, mainly. The husband, we fancy, is oftenest the one in fault. He boards in order to have less domestic care, that he may devote the more time to his business. But both parties seek that manner of living, in many cases, to shirk the demands of hospitality. In too many instances, however, pride alone is the controlling motive; it is thought a certain amount of money will procure *genteel* boarding that will not support fashionable housekeeping. An analysis of the motive, nine times in ten, will lead to the same result—selfishness or pride.

(From the New York World.)

FERNANDO WOOD ON HIS TRAVELS.

Hon. Fernando Wood sails to-day, with his wife and daughter, in the City of London, of the Inman line, for Europe, where he proposes to travel for a few months, making a brief stay in London, and proceeding, by way of Paris, Florence and Rome, to Athens and Constantinople, returning by the northern route to Great Britain, and spending the summer months in England, Scotland and Ireland. The position which Mr. Wood so long occupied, as the mayor of New York, threw him into contact with the principal foreigners who have visited this country of late years, from the future heir to the English throne and the Prince Napoleon, down to Japanese Tommy. It was one of these distinguished personages, the Duke of Newcastle, of the Prince of Wales' suite, who pronounced him and Major General Banks the two most marked and representative Americans whom he met in this country. The duke has since died.

But the hospitalities which will doubtless be extended to Mr. Wood, by the English and French nobility, will afford him an opportunity to vindicate the Duke's good opinion, as well as to correct a false impression which has long prevailed among the higher orders in England and on the continent, that the peace men of the North are not determined that the Union shall be preserved. Mr. Wood is the most prominent of the leaders of the so-called Peace party, but his last speech in Congress was an emphatic declaration for war—negotiations failing to restore peace and the Union.

If Mr. Lincoln should ever write the secret history of this war, we presume he will credit Mr. Wood with the inception, if not the subsequent conduct, of the Blair-Seward peace conference at Hampton Roads; and the tribute which Mr. Greely paid to the ex-Mayor as a consistent friend of peace, at the recent dinner in Mr. Wood's honor at the Astor House, can hardly fail to fill also a page in that distinguished journalist's "History of the American Conflict."

THE FISHERMAN.—I was some time since walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering the most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said:

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business.—What kind of fishes are these?"

He replied, "These are cod fish."

"How long are you usually out in order to obtain your loads?"

"Two or three weeks," was the answer.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you not hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

I inquired, "With what do you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you bait them with clams, too?"

"O, no," said he, "they will not bite at clams."

"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without a bait?"

"Yes," said he, "I was out last year, and one day, when I was fixing my line, my hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in."

"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn, and after a moment's pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, "I guess that's a minister."

A lady recently wrote from England to the War Department, at Washington, requesting from them all the names of the men who had been killed in this war, to see if her son, John Smith, was among them.

Quilp, when requested to "take time by the forelock," expressed a doubt whether the old fellow had any hair left to take hold of.

THE DAILY PROGRESS.

VOL. VI. RALEIGH, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1865. NO. 135.

DAILY PROGRESS.

RALEIGH, N. C.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1865.

Tidings of Great Joy—The War is Over—Let the Great National Heart Rejoice.

The clash of arms is hushed—blood has ceased to flow—and the great National heart rejoices: we again have one common country and one common brotherhood!—Let the nation rejoice! The glorious announcement of a cessation of hostilities, and the certainty of an immediate peace, upon the basis of a restored Union, has so softened the hearts of the combatants that now the "Yanks" and "Johnny Rebs" mingle and commingle, and the very best possible feeling prevails. Now that the Union armies have accomplished their object, and re-established the National Authority, all officers and men of the Union armies are anxious to return to their homes to receive the welcome plaudits of their countrymen and the smiles, caresses and affectionate embraces of those loved ones that nestle around the hearth-stones.

Thank God that it is so. We shall be no more called upon to give details of terrible battles, no more to publish long lists of killed and wounded; no more hear the dying groans of brave men; no more the widow's wail and orphan's moan; no more see brother's hand raised against brother in fraticidal strife; but the white winged messenger, the dove of peace, descending, guarded by battalions of angelic hosts, shall fill all hearts with inexpressible joy that the day of deliverance has come.

And now that the people of the North and all who have been fighting for the preservation of the Union of their fathers, invite us to come back and share with them all the blessings, privileges and benefits of the government which was reared by the prowess of our sires and cemented by their blood, let us show them that we have those christian virtues which can bury the past and meet them as brethren of a common country. They are blood of our blood, all descended from one common parentage; their destiny must be our destiny, their flag our flag, and their country our country. Let us, with one voice, say to our kinsmen and brethren of the North, as Ruth said to Naomi, "Entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God." We have no hope but under the American flag; no safety but under the protection of the government which that flag represents; and so our return to the old fold should not be cold and indifferent, but cordial, cheerful, enthusiastic.

Commerce and social intercourse will soon be revived, a new era of prosperity will dawn upon the whole land; and while the dead cannot be recalled, the respect and admiration which the soldiers of the two armies have for the courage and prowess of each other, and the spirit, already abroad, to forget and forgive, both among soldiers and citizens, will cement the bonds of Union, and we shall be elevated and purified as a nation by the fiery ordeal through which we have passed.

The following Special Field Order, kindly furnished us by Gen. Sherman for yesterday's issue, announces the joyous tidings of a cessation of hostilities, and gives assurance that an absolute peace will speedily follow:

HEAD'QRS, MILITARY DIV. OF THE MISS.,
In the Field, Raleigh, N. C.,
April 19th, 1865.

Special Field Orders,
No. 68.

I. The General Commanding announces to the army a suspension of hostilities and an agreement with General Johnston and other high officials which, when formally ratified, will make PEACE from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.—Until the absolute PEACE is arranged a line passing through Tyrrell's Mount, Chapel Hill University, Durham's Station, and West Point on the Neuse, will separate the two armies.

Each Army Commander will group his camps entirely with a view to comfort, health and good police.

All the details of Military Discipline must still be maintained, and the General hopes and believes that in a very few days it will be his good fortune to conduct you all to your homes.

The fame of this army for courage, industry and discipline is admitted all over the world!—Let each officer and man see that it is not stained by any act of vulgarity, rowdyism or petty crime.

The cavalry will patrol the front line. Gen. Howard will take charge of the District from Raleigh up to the cavalry; Gen Slocum to the left of Raleigh, and Gen. Schofield in Raleigh, its right and rear.

Quartermasters and Commissaries will keep their supplies up to a light load for the wagons; and the Railroad Superintendent will arrange a depot for the convenience of each separate army.

By order of Major General
W. T. SHERMAN.

L. M. DAYTON,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Communication Open.

We learn that the Neuse bridge, near Smithfield, has been so far advanced as to allow trains to pass, the track has been repaired, and we are again in communication, by rail, with Goldsboro', Newbern, Morehead City, and Wilmington; and we suppose that within a few days a post office will be established in this city, a post master appointed, and everything restored to the old order of things. The former post master here, who wanted the *Standard* and *Progress* mobbed and their Editors hung because they would not blow for Jeff. Davis and Zeb. Vance, fled on the approach of the Union army, and we can assure him that many a dry eye awaits his return. We have enough good Union men here, however, and the authorities will have no difficulty in finding one that will make a good post master.

Large army mails have arrived during the last two or three days, and New York papers have been received to the 14th, but they came to the army exclusively.

We congratulate our friends in the Eastern part of the State upon their deliverance, and assure them that we shall communicate with them as soon as mail facilities will permit us to do so. We shall send the *Progress to* all who have any money to their credit on our books, as soon as practicable, and to all new subscribers who may send us money to pay the subscription. We suppose a branch of the Adams Express will be established here in a few days, through which money can be sent when convenient: but we have no idea that there will be near so much stealing in the postal department, under the new order of things, as there was under the Davis dynasty.

And the re-establishing of communication with the seaboard towns will bring us merchants with goods, provisions, and many other things of which we have long been deprived: altogether we have much to cheer and inspire.

Slavery is Dead.

The slaveocracy of the South, to perpetuate an affected superiority, and to enslave the white man as well as the African, was mainly instrumental in getting up this fraticidal strife which has just closed, and history will hold them mainly responsible for the great trials and sacrifices our people have had to endure; and as Providence must have had some great purpose to accomplish in permitting this great calamity to come upon us as a people, we sincerely believe that the sooner the people of the South abandon all idea of perpetuating slavery the better. Slavery has been the bone over which we have fought, and for which all this blood has been shed; and to prevent a recurrence of the awful scenes of the last four years, let us give up the bone. It may cause some inconvenience at first, but within less than ten years we shall all realize that slavery was a curse, not a blessing, to this people. We appeal then to the people of the South not to delay that peace which all are so anxious for on account of demands as to slavery.—Let us have not only a free country but free labor, and the development of our resources will be increased tenfold.

We fully endorse the following from a late number of the *Standard*:

SLAVERY.—We do not propose now to discuss this question, but we desire to say that slavery is the prime cause of secession and of all the unutterable horrors of this war; and that if the institution stands in any respect in the way of a speedy adjustment of our difficulties, let it be swept away. Every thing must yield to the greatest good of the greatest number of our people, and to the restoration of harmony under one common flag. We think more of peace and the Union than we do of slavery. The slavery propagandists went to war on an abstraction about the institution in the Territories, and the result is they have lost it in the States.

We learn that two colored soldiers were shot near this City on Wednesday last for crimes the penalty for which is declared by Gen. Sherman's order to be death.

Change in Command.

Gen. Stiles and Col. Warner, of the 23d Army Corps, who have governed the city so acceptably since the arrival of the Union army, were relieved yesterday by Col. Granger, commanding 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division, 10th Army Corps.

Every protection possible has been afforded citizens by Gen. Stiles and Col. Warner, and we have heard of no excesses or depredations within their jurisdiction: and we think we can assure them that the citizens will remember them with gratitude and kindness.

We know nothing of Col. Granger, also acting Brigadier we believe, junior of Col. Zant, who it is thought will succeed Col. Warner as Provost Marshal, but we doubt not but their management of the police of the city will be such as to give satisfaction.

MILITARY ORDERS.—The military orders of Gen. Howard, to be found in this paper, are important both to citizens and soldiers. We are satisfied that General Sherman and those acting under him are doing all they can to protect the people of the city and surrounding country; and the fact that an order has been issued to provide the destitute with provisions shows that they wish to be considered as friends, and not as foes. Those in need of provisions will apply to the officer named in the order to which we refer.

Northern Papers.

We will thank our friends in the Union army, who may get possession of late Northern papers, to send or leave them at our office, after they shall have read them, to assist in making up our own paper. As we have no mails and no exchanges, we have to rely entirely upon such favors for matter for the PROGRESS.

To the Magistrates of Wake.

The Magistrates of Wake county, or as many as can conveniently do so, are requested to meet at the Court House in Raleigh, on Saturday next, 22nd instant.

For the Progress.]

RALEIGH.

All soldiers of the Union army are pleased with Raleigh.

We have long known it only as the capital of one of the States of our old Union, but now we know it as one of the most pleasant cities of the sunny South. Its shady streets, beautiful gardens, and smiling, hospitable, loyal citizens, have endeared it to us above all other places in DIXIE. Here we have rested our weary feet from long marches. Here we received the glad, *welcome*, GLORIOUS tidings that hostilities cease, our country is saved, and that we again are one people, peaceful and free. Here we lay down the sword for the olive branch, and fold our arms in peace, and with devotional gratitude and humble supplication ask God for pardon, protection and permanent Union. O Raleigh, thou shalt long live in the memory of the soldier. May Providence smile on thy inhabitants and save them long and ever from a contest so unwelcome, disastrous and bloody as the one just past. And now for the sake of the country we love, the religion we profess, and the God we serve, may we not hope that the soldiers of both armies, and the citizens of both sections, will now lay down their sectional strife and bitter feelings, and live and love as in days of *yore*.

Capt. G. P. R.,
10th A. C.

In our notice of the State officers who have remained at their posts in this City, we inadvertently omitted the name of E. B. Freeman, Esq., Clerk of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Freeman is a venerable and a worthy citizen, and has held his present position many years.

Mr. Winston, reporter to the Supreme Court, also remained. He is a worthy type of the honest gentleman and good citizen.

REVIEW OF THE 10TH CORPS.—This Corps, composed partly of colored troops, was reviewed yesterday on Capitol Square. It made quite an imposing appearance. The march of colored troops along our streets presented quite a novel sight.

We learn that there will be a review of the 23d Corps to-day.

The Philadelphia *Press* has seen a private letter from one of the most illustrious military men of the times, in which, after speaking with much humanity of the betrayed Southern masses, he says: "Now, mark me! Davis, Hunter, Cobb, and the rest, will call upon our armies, the Union armies, when peace has been conquered, to save them from their own people."

Letters to the freedmen, are now sent by the Black Mail, instead of by the underground railroad.

Confirmation of President Lincoln's Death.

We regret to say that there can no longer be any doubt as to the assassination of President Lincoln. New York papers confirm it. We are indebted to the courtesy of Maj. Dayton, of General Sherman's staff, for the following dispatch. It confirms the unwelcome, the sad fact:

TELEGRAPH OFFICE, MOREHEAD CITY,
April 20, 1865.

MAJ. DAYTON:—My "Herald" of the 17th, received at Morehead City, says Laura Keene was playing on the stage at the time Mr. Lincoln was shot, and recognised Booth as he passed her going into and coming out of the President's box. He jumped on the stage, then into the pit, and rushed through the audience to the street, where he got on a horse and escaped.

Yours, EDDY.

Latest Northern News.

New York papers of the 15th have been received, but they contain but little news. Forrest and Roddy were captured at Selma, and Montgomery had fallen.

The papers of the 15th say nothing about the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, but as it was said to have occurred on the night of the 14th, at 10 o'clock, we suppose it was not telegraphed from Washington until next day.

Lynchburg, Va., has been surrendered to the Union forces.

Other news unimportant.

A BRILLIANT ENGAGEMENT—SHERIDAN AT FIVE FORKS.

NEW YORK, April 4.—The *World* has a graphic account of Sheridan's battle of Five Forks, which was the turning point in the great conflict, and which, under Sheridan's generalship, will take rank with anything on record.

It appears that Grant was not satisfied with the day's business on Friday, and placed Sheridan in supreme command of the whole of Warren's Corps and all the Cavalry.

Sheridan at once manœuvered with his cavalry, dismounting a portion in front of the rebels, and gradually pressed them back into their works, under the most desperate and terrible fighting of the war. While this was being done, and done slowly by order, Sheridan set about forming the infantry, showing the same genius in infantry tactics that he has in cavalry.

It was a marvel to see so paltry a force of cavalry press back and hold in check 16,000 rebel infantry; still, they did it, and in such a manner as to completely hide the movement of our infantry. They were driven back step by step into their works. Then the signal was given, and the infantry closed on the works like a huge barn door.

The rebels saw their situation, but did not appear to appreciate how desperate were their circumstances. They fell back to the left only to see four close lines of battle waiting to drive them across the field. At the right, horsemen charged them in their vain attempt to fight out, and in their rear foot and cavalry began to assemble.

Slant fire, cross fire and direct fire, by file and battery, rolled perpetually, cutting down their bravest officers, and strewing the field with bleeding men. Their own artillery was turned upon them. At last, bodies of cavalry mounted their parapet, and charged down upon them, slashing and tramping them into confusion. They had no commanders to lead them out of the toil into which they had fallen. A few more volleys—a new charge—a command to die or surrender, and 5,000 muskets were thrown upon the ground, and 5,000 men are Sheridan's prisoners.

Those who escaped were pursued by the fiery Custer, and they were pressed far into the desolate forest.

GEN. JUDSON KILPATRICK.—The *Standard* says:

"Brevet Major-General Judson Kilpatrick, who commands General Sherman's cavalry is a native of New Jersey, and about 26 years of age. His promotion has been as rapid as it has been deserved.

Gen. K. is a graduate of West Point, and is one of the most gallant and successful officers in the service. He is a gentleman of engaging address, and is said to be a fine speaker. Distinguished political honors must probably await him, if he should turn his attention to politics."

THE R. & G. RAILROAD WORKSHOPS.—The *Standard* of yesterday says:

We learn that the operatives at the workshops of the Raleigh and Gaston Road in this City, have again commenced work under the direction of the military authorities, Albert Johnson Esq., Master Machinist. Mr. Johnson has been very properly restored to a place for which he was ejected on account of his staunch Conservatism. A better master Machinist could not have been appointed.

In a recent letter to his father, at Covington, Ky., Gen. Grant said: "We are now having fine weather, and I think will be able to wind up matters about Richmond soon. I am anxious to have Lee hold on where he is a short time longer, so that I can get him into a position where he must lose a great portion of his army. The rebellion has lost its vitality, and if I am not mistaken, there will be no rebel army of any great dimensions a few weeks hence. Any great catastrophe to any of our armies would, of course, revive the enemy for a short time, but I expect no such thing to happen."

Results prove that the General was right. He has accomplished more than he claimed, but the people will readily excuse his modesty and trust in his prophecy that "there will be no rebel army of any great dimensions a few weeks hence."

Admiral Paulding will resign the command of the Brooklyn navy yard on the 1st of May, and will be succeeded by Commodore [illegible] Rolla.

A PRETTY MOWER IN SAXONY.

At Dresden I saw the Sistine Madonna with inexpressible delight; but I saw another sight, not quite so poetical and ideal, yet still to be looked upon with interest and pleasure. One day I was walking through the public square to the picture gallery. I happened to notice a woman mowing. I stopped, sat down and looked at her for half an hour. She was apparently two or three and twenty. Her head was finely formed, and set firmly on her shoulders. Her hair was neatly braided round it, her features were regular, complexion as brown as a berry, eyes bright blue, form vigorous, well rounded, like that of Dorothea in Goethe's poem. From her ears hung golden ear-rings.—She wore a bright colored petticoat, reaching a little below the knees, her legs were bare, and her feet encased in embroidered shoes. She was the picture of health and robust beauty. She swung the scythe with an inimitable ease and grace; and as she did so there was a placid expression on her pleasant countenance, which spoke of a good conscience, a contented spirit, and a willingness to do the work which her destiny pointed out. I examined the swath, the grass was cut as smooth as velvet, you could not tell where one swath ended and the next began. An English lawn look no smoother. It was a work of art, high art, and as American farmer might have taken a useful lesson. I wish I could have taken her portrait as she stood before me.—*Prof. Felton.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
Raleigh, N. C., April 19, 1865.

GENERAL FIELD ORDERS,
No. 15.

Under existing circumstances as regards the relation between our Armies and the people of this State, no more mails or subsistence stores will be taken from the inhabitants without the special directions of Division or Corps Commanders. Great disregard has been shown in many instances to the orders heretofore issued on this subject and many of the poor people of the surrounding country are entirely deprived of their provisions and of their animals which are worthless to us, but of the utmost value to them, to enable them to raise crops for the subsistence of the people.

Extraordinary precaution must be taken by Corps and Division Commanders to provide against the robbing of the people, and the Officers in charge of Foraging parties which will be sent only to obtain food for animals, must be held strictly accountable that nothing else is taken.

Upon application guards will be furnished by Division or Brigade Commanders, to citizens at no greater distance however than five miles from their Camps, and be instructed to arrest all men out of Camp without proper authority.

By order of Maj. Gen. O. O. HOWARD:
A. M. VAN DYKE,
Ass't A. General.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
Raleigh, N. C., April 19, 1865.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS,
No. 92.

1. As soon as the Camps of the different Commands are located, camp guards of Regiments or Brigades will be immediately established, and as few passes as possible granted to go beyond the limits of the encampment.

2. Hereafter no passes to enlisted men to visit the City will be granted without the approval of Division Commanders, the Commandant of the Post having been instructed to arrest all men not furnished with such passes.

By order of Maj. Gen. O. O. HOWARD,
A. M. VAN DYKE,
Asst. Adj't General.

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T AND ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
Raleigh, N. C., April 19, 1865.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS,
No. 94.

1. Lieut. Col. D. Rowlett, Chief Commissary of the Army of Tennessee, is charged with supplying with necessary subsistence those families who have been entirely deprived of it, by our forces, within the district named in Special Field Order, No. 88 dated Headquarters Military Division Mississippi, April 10th, 1865, to wit: From Raleigh West, on the Railroad to the command of Gen. Kilpatrick and North to the Neuse River.

By order of Maj. Gen. O. O. HOWARD,
A. M. VAN DYKE,
Asst. Adj't General.

By a law of the last Congress, a copy of every book, musical composition, engraving, photograph, etc., which has been copyrighted must be sent free of expense to the Library of Congress at Washington.

Rebel deserters, says the New York *Tribune*, say that General Early has taken a self-imposed pledge to not *drink* any more until he shall have whipped Sheridan. This is considered by Sheridan's officers as equivalent to the rebel General's having taken the temperance pledge for life, to the great small damage of the Confederate distillers, and a corresponding fall in the price of corn.

News Agents

And others will please hand in their orders for the *Progress*, the day previous, so we may know how many to print.

NOTICE.

AFTER THIS DATE (APRIL 20TH) THE YARBOROUGH HOUSE will also furnish MEALS.
April 21-1t

MISSING.

HENRY BURGER, A PRIVATE OF CO. D, 47TH New York Volunteers, while sick and delirious from fever, on Friday evening the 14th, left the ambulance in which he was lying, and has not since been seen by his comrades. He may have wandered off into the country. Any soldier or citizen finding him will confer a favor by reporting the same to Capt. Adams, Pioneer Engineer Corps, Headquarters 2d Division, 10 A. C.

The missing man was about 18 years of age, fair complexion, light hair and eyes, and about 5 feet 7 inches in height.

CH'S P. COLE,
April 20-tf Co D, 47th New York Volunteers.

TO PRINTERS.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, TWO GOOD JOB Hands and three or four Compositors for newspaper. None need apply unless willing to work steady.
Apply at PROGRESS OFFICE.
April 18-tf

$5 REWARD.

LOST ON THE 16TH INST., TWO MUSIC BOOKS. Any one returning them to the owner will receive the above reward. GEO. J. LORD,
Band of 3d Brig., 2d Div., 10th A. C.
April 18-3t

DR. B. F. ARRINGTON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
☞ Office on Hillsboro Street, at the Railroad crossing.
April 17-tf

MRS. H. W. MILLER'S
BOARDING HOUSE,
RALEIGH, N. C.
BY THE DAY, WEEK AND MONTH.
April 17-tf